

The Bridgton Reporter.

HORACE C. LITTLE
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

A Local and Instructive Family Newspaper. Strictly Neutral in Politics.

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WHOLE NO. 226.

The Bridgton Reporter.

H. C. LITTLE.

All letters must be addressed to the
city. Please indicate the
should be accompanied by the
of the author.

Persons required to publish notices
of the Probate Court may select the
which such notice may be published.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
\$1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Advertisements. One square 16
lines, one insertion 75 cents, 3 insertions
\$2.00; 6 months \$3.50; one
year \$6.00; 1-1/2 column \$18.00; 2 column
\$30.00.

Advertisements accepted with neatness,
and despatch.

J. M. PETTINGILL & CO.,
Park Row, New York, & 6 State
St., New York, are our Agents for the
Bridgton Reporter, in those cities and are author-
ized to receive advertisements and Subscrip-
tions at our lowest rates.

Center Business Cards.

JAS. R. Furniture, Groceries,
Palm, Oil, Dry Goods & Groceries.

EDWARD T. Shee Manufacturer
of all kinds of Custom Work done to order.

LUTHER, Dry Goods, Hard
Lumber, Groceries, W. I. Goods & Groceries.

MRS. L. T. Miller and
son, Millinery and Dress Making, Temperance Building.

REUBEN, Confectionery, Toys,
Fruit, Groceries and Medicines.

MARSHAL, Pondicherry House,
Stabling for Horses.

ALFRED, Shoe Maker, Cos-
tume Work to order. Boarding House.

W. W. Shoe Dealer, Cos-
tume Work and Jobbing done to order.

JOHN & JORDAN, Tanners,
per 100. Hides, Skins a Bark wanted.

ROBERT, Livery Stable,
all at the lowest rates constantly on hand to let.

EVES NATHAN, Dry Goods, Choice
Groceries, &c., &c.

EVES, B. C. & SON, Stoves, Tin
ware, Jobbing done to order.

ROBERT, F. B. & J. H., Jewellers,
Watches, Clocks, &c. Repairing done.

EDWARD & BOOTHBY, Proprietors
of the Bridgton Forest Stocking Mill.

MIAL & SON, Bridgton House,
Stable connected with this Hotel.

MIAL, Carriage Maker, repair-
ing and Painting done in a neat manner.

ALBERT, Tanner and Currier,
Bridgton Center, Maine. Bark wanted.

REFUS, Proprietor of Camber-
land Mills. Charles B. Gibbs agent.

REFUS, Dealer in Dry Goods,
Groceries, &c., &c.

WOLFE, ALEXANDER, Wholesale
Grocery Manufacturer.

DAVID, Attorney and Counsel-
or at Law, Bridgton, Maine.

S. M., Druggs, Medicines, Per-
fumes, &c. Bookseller & Stationer.

PHILIP, S. M., Counselor and At-
torney at Law, Bridgton, Maine.

ARNON, WALTER, Blacksmith. All
kinds of Jobbing done in this line.

PHILIP, S. M., Counselor and At-
torney at Law, Bridgton, Maine.

KEANS & PERLEY, Sash and Blind
Manufacturers. Jobbing attended to.

WILLIAMS, N. S. & F. J., Coun-
sellors and Attorneys at Law.

Poetical Selections.

The Vacant Chair.

BY EMELINE S. SMITH.

Musing by my cheerful fireside
On this quiet winter night,
Shapes of grace, and hues of beauty,
Meeting everywhere, my sight;
Peace and comfort smiling round me,
Yet my spirits are not light.

For my glances still are turning
To a little vacant chair,
Standing idly in the corner—
Ever standing idly there;
Once it held a little maiden,
Very dear, and very fair.

Al! the sad and sudden changes
Breaking into life's bright dream,
Sweeping like the storm-cloud's darkness
O'er the lately-tranquil stream;
Or a note of wildest discord
Into music's sweetest theme.

In the fullest tide of rapture,
In my life's serene hour,
When my spirit sang within me
Like a bird in summer bower,
Came this tempest sweeping o'er me,
Came with desolating power.

Then a voice of tender sweetness
Died away in plaintive sighs;
Then a face of gentle beauty
Faded from my yearning eyes,
And a spirit pure and sinless
Mounted to its native skies.

Oh! the sorrows of that moment;
Oh! the weary, weary pain,
Pressing, like an iron fetter,
Close on throbbing heart and brain,
Waking thoughts of gloom and madness
Like the captive's heavy chain.

Years have passed, and grief's wild torrent
Now bath slowly ebb'd away;
Years have passed, and resignation,
Smiling, bids me trust and pray;
Yet a memory, sad and sacred,
Trembles at my heart away.

Ever, as the shades of twilight
Wrap the earth in tender gloom,
Comes a welcome, fairy vision,
Stealing to my lonely room—
Seeming, like a ray of sunshine,
All the darkness to illumine.

Then the little chair beside me
Rickett softly to and fro;
Then fond eyes to mine are lifted;
Then sweet accents round me flow,
Till again my dreaming spirit
Drinks the bliss of long ago.

Radiant vision, do not vanish!
Stay, oh! stay, to bless and cheer.
While thy tender eyes are on me,
And thy loving tones I hear,
All earth's pain and sorrow leave me,
All heaven's joy seems hovering near.

Our Story Teller.

A Heart of Ice.

BY MARY E. CLARK.

'I tell you frankly, Lewis, that she
is very fascinating at times, though the
most heartless, wicked flirt that I ever
met. Mark me! I do not say flirt in the
light, trifling sense that the word is
used in fashionable society, but in its
full, ugly meaning. With the most
faultless face and figure, the most bril-
liant talents, wealth, and position, Ger-
aldine Churchill wins a heart to crush
it with the most cutting sarcasm and
coldest cruelty. She pretends to look
upon all wooers as mercenary sockers
after the heiress, and this is her excuse
for a course of systematic, heartless co-
quetry.'

'You are harsh, Lizzie,' said Lewis
Rogan, smiling at the little sister who
was lying in his arms.

'No, I am only true. You have never
seen her, and you have been away so
long; I have seen her so cruel and cold
that I wanted to warn you. You may
smile and shake your head, but wait un-
til you meet her. She is a Venus with
a heart of ice.'

'And we meet her to-night?'
'Yes. She is some relation of Mrs.
Lee's, I believe, and always at her par-
ties. Now, tell me all about your jour-
ney.'

Geraldine Churchill was standing un-
der the blaze of a large chandelier, when
Lewis Rogan and his sister entered Mrs.

Lee's crowded parlors. She could dare
this light, and she knew it. Her dark,
clear complexion was tinged with the
flush of proud beauty, and her regal fig-
ure was carried with queenly grace. On
the bands of jetty hair that swept
in broad braids low on her neck spark-
led diamond stars, and the folds of black
velvet fell round the full figure in rich
masses. In spite of the warning, Lewis
could not repress a start of admiration.

His hostess noticed it and smiled.
Geraldine was one of her 'cards.'
'Shall I introduce you?' she asked,
following his eye after they had chatted
for some moments.

There was, of course, but one answer,
and, threading the crowded rooms, he
stood face to face with the belle of the
evening. With a smile of winning
courtesy, she acknowledged and an-
swered his greeting. Dancing drew off
the people that were grouped around
them, and they stood alone still in the
moving mass. One subject gave place
to another, and Lewis found himself
drawn into descriptions of travel and
easy conversation, by that manner that
had the highest charm, that of putting
strangers perfectly at ease. Gracefully
and with a womanly manner, she was
unmasking before his own powers of
conversation a masculine intellect and
education. He left her at last, dazzled
and amazed, yet owning somewhat the
truth of Lizzie's assertion. There had
been flashes of wit that cut deep and
keen into friends' foibles, pungent sar-
casms, and sharp satirical phrases, that
told too clearly of an indifference for
wounded feelings. Many times in the
coming season they met, and Lewis
threw caution and prudence to the winds
to bow before this brilliant, fascinating
woman, who held her sway over hearts
spite of the tyranny of her rule. Yet
he kept his love hidden, for he was sen-
sitive and proud, and would not risk the
taunts and sarcasms he knew would
meet any betrayal of them. Silently
and proudly he bore the pressure of the
heart of ice. Like some brilliant ne-
tune, Geraldine Churchill had flashed
upon the world of fashion for one win-
ter, and then, as suddenly, she vanished.

There was no clue left by which to trace
her. Mrs. Lee said she had gone into
the country to reside, but gave no fur-
ther information; and Lewis Rogan,
with many others, shut up his longing,
and turned a brave face to the world.
He was no puny, whining lover, this
brave hero of mine. I can see him now
before me, as I saw him one sunny day
not many years since, his tall figure so
well knit and strong, his handsome face
full of frank manliness, and his waving
brown hair tossed back from his high,
white forehead. He was a physician
from love of his profession and fellow
men. Rich enough to have lived lux-
uriously in idleness, he worked among
the poor and needy with an energy and
industry that might shame many a ris-
ing doctor. And this brave, true heart
had lavished its wealth of love upon a
finished, heartless coquette. See!

Far away from the city, where she
had quitted it so successfully for one
short winter, Geraldine Churchill lived
in a small cottage home in a little vil-
lage where the minister prosed, the doc-
tor bored, and the lawyer yawned, and
the rest of the inhabitants looked up
awe-struck at these professional gentle-
men. With the crimson gone from her
cheek, the light from her eye, in a plain
dark dress, the late belle moved amongst
the poorest of her neighbors, bearing no
trace of the haughty belle, save in her
winning smile and gentle tones. In
the cottage, where the sick moaning
sufferer craved woman's care, her hand
was ever ready to minister, her voice
to soothe. In the quiet seclusion she
sought peace, and rest; and in this shel-
tered nook of the world there sounded
a trumpet of dread to rouse all her dor-
mant energies. At first, whispering,
then in the loud cry of terror rose the
sound of despair, an infectious fever, of

the most trying description, was raging
in the little village. Seeking it up and
down, in the lowest cottage, or the re-
flectable farm-house, Geraldine Church-
ill nursed, comforted, and tended the
sufferers. Volunteer doctors had come
from cities within reach of the cry of
woe; and they turned to her for every
statement, premonitory symptom, rest-
ing on her clear judgment and experi-
ence for hope in many cases. By one
bedside, where the pale face of death
had followed the fever flush, Lewis Ro-
gan again met Geraldine Churchill.

She had been watching many weary
nights, and as she raised her head from
bending over the corpse of her patient,
her eye met Lewis Rogan's bent in ad-
miring tenderness upon her. She was
tired, weak, and ill, and with a cry up-
on her lip, she stretched out her arms
and fell fainting at his feet. It was the
beginning of the fever fastening upon a
frame exhausted by long nursing. Ly-
ing helpless and unconscious for many
days, there were not wanting nurses for
the noble woman who suffered for them.
Not a well hand in the village but was
stretched forth for her; not an eye but
shed tears for her danger. Foremost
of all stood Lewis Rogan! Willing nurses
aided him, and his devotion was un-
wearied. Sick, feeble, and dependent,
she was a thousand fold more dear to
him than when she swayed all hearts in
her regal beauty. He won her from
death's grasp, prayerfully and skillfully,
and meekly she owned she owed the
boon of her life to his care.

It was when the winter frosts had
swept away the fever, that he told her
his love and patience.

'You love me,' she said, tenderly.
'Listen while I tell you my story. Five
years ago, here in this little village, I
listened to such a tale, from lips that
had long before charmed my heart away.
I was rich and courted then; but one
month later my father died, and I was
left poor and nameless, proved an adopt-
ed child, forgotten in the will. Other
heirs came to claim all; I started out
in the world to teach. He—I told you
of—deserted me, took all the wealth of
my first love, and threw it aside to woo
again a richer maiden. Then I grew
hardened; I will not tell you what a
desert place life seemed, after I looked
on the loveless, lonely path before me.
For years I toiled on in my school, till
last fall, when the will of my adopted
father was found, and I was again rich.
With a heart full of bitterness, I vowed
my vengeance upon all men, and wrote
to Mrs. Lee, my adopted father's cousin,
to ask an introduction to society. I
knew my power, and I used it ruthlessly.
Let it pass! I soon found that it
was playing with edge tools, for—Lewis!
—and her voice fell—I love you! So
I came home to forget and try to atone
for my folly, by doing some good in my
corner here.'

'And I find you—my own—to offer
a life's service to make you forget the
painful past, to find the warm, loving
heart under the crust of ice.'—*Peter-
son's Magazine.*

—A coincidence in the practice of
the law is presented in the fact, that no
murderer defended by David Paul
Brown, the celebrated Philadelphia
criminal lawyer, is ever hung. Dur-
ing a practice of many years, in which
he has defended more men from crimi-
nal charges than any other lawyer in
the country, no man charged as a mur-
derer whom Mr. Brown has defended
has ever been executed.

MAKE YOUR BEST BOW.—Politeness
costs nothing. It is very agreeable to
other people. More than this—it pays.
Wherever any one goes, he should
make his best bow—look as well as he
can; be as attentive to others as is
consistent with modesty and dignity;
and by so doing he will gain friends.
Give a man friends enough and his for-
tune is made. So make your best bow.

Miscellaneous.

THE WIFE.—Only let a woman be
sure that she is precious to her husband
—not useful, not valuable, not conven-
ient, simply, but lovely and beloved;
let her be the recipient of his polite and
hearty attentions; let her feel that her
care and love are noticed, appreciated
and returned; let her opinion be asked,
her approval sought, and her judgment
respected, in matters of which she is
cognizant; in short, let her only be
loved, honored and cherished, in fulfil-
ment of the marriage vow, and she will
be to her husband, children and society,
a well-spring of pleasure. She will
bear pain, and toil, and anxiety, for her
husband's love, is to her, tower and fur-
tress. Shielded and sheltered therein,
adversity will have lost its sting. She
may suffer, but sympathy may dull the
edge of sorrow. A house with love in
it—and by love, I mean love expressed
in words, and looks, and deeds, for I
have not one spark of faith in love that
never crops out—is to a house without
love, as a person to a machine; one is
life, the other is a mechanism. The un-
loved woman may have bread just as
light, a house just as tidy as the other;
but the latter has a spring of beauty
about her, a joyousness, an aggressive,
and penetrating, and pervading bright-
ness, to which the former is a stranger.
The deep happiness in her heart shines
out in her face. She is a ray of sun-
light in the house. She gleams over it.
It is airy, and gay, and graceful, and
warm, and welcoming with her presence.
She is full of devices, and plots and
sweet surprises for her husband and fam-
ily. She has never done with the ro-
mance and poetry of life. She is her-
self a lyric poem, setting herself to all
pure and gracious melodies. Humble
household ways and duties have for her
a golden significance. The prize makes
the calling high, and the end sanctifies
the means. 'Love is Heaven and Heav-
en is Love.'

INDIAN JUGGLERS.—Some of the jug-
gling feats of a tribe of Indians in Tex-
as are described as follows by an officer
of the army stationed near their camp:
The medicine man, or juggler, shows
you a few grains of common Indian
corn. You are called upon to witness
the planting or burial of the corn in the
ground, which is now frozen stiff, and
of course not supposed to be exactly in
condition for growing maize. But
watch the juggler. After the planting
the performer, enveloped in his blan-
ket, bends over the little hillock for a
moment, chanting in a monotonous voice
a grand incantation in the Indian
tongue, and then suddenly gliding from
the spot, lo, and behold! the growing
corn plant, is seen springing as if by
magic—and it is magic—out of cold
clay. Another chant in the same dull
unvarying monotone, and the corn is
in bloom; and yet another chant, and
you are invited to pluck, and eat, if
you have the appetite for that which
seems to have sprung from seeds planted
below, of ripened green corn. This in
the dead of winter. Nor is this any
more surprising than many more of the
tricks these same men perform. I mere-
ly particularize this one as being easier
of description than some of them of
greater complication.

A SOLDIER'S RECIPE FOR MUSH.—
Take half a cup of water which runs in
the brook near by, two hard tacks a
piece of butter as big as you can afford
when butter is forty cents a pound, and
your pay is thirteen dollars per month;
set this upon the fire, and if you can big
or borrow it, put in a little salt. Let
it boil till the hard tacks are thoroughly
soaked; eat it hot; and if you do not
call it good it will be because you have
not been out on picket, and got a sav-
age appetite thereby.

Agricultural Department

FLAX CULTURE.

With sheeting at fifty cents a yard
and cotton at one dollar a pound, the
question will arise with every wearer of
shirts, how can I get another? Cotton
will continue to be King until his em-
pire can be divided, and, as in this
northern climate we must all be clothed,
if in nothing better than rags, every
farmer should look about him for a sub-
stitute for cotton.

Fifty years ago a cotton shirt was
almost an unheard of thing, now the
value of cotton cloth made in the Uni-
ted States alone amounts to over \$115,
000,000 annually, an increase of more
than 75 per cent. in the last ten years.
What can we do without it? For the
present nothing is better than to raise
flax. It is difficult to change the rou-
tine of a farmer's crops. One year is
often the exact copy of the last, and we
too often go on doing as our father and
grand-father did, unless something like
a giant Rebellion breaks up the estab-
lished order of things. But people can-
not long afford to pay fifty and sixty
cents a yard for cloth, nor will they do
it if a substitute can be obtained from
any other source. We must try flax.

The soil and climate of Maine seems
admirably fitted to the cultivation of
flax. The labors of our people as lum-
bermen and farmers demand the strong-
est kind of cloth, our long winters afford
abundant time for dressing and prepar-
ing the fibre and our wives and daugh-
ters are just the ones to spin and weave
it into strong and durable fabrics.

The value of flax seed alone in many
parts of the west is considered a remu-
nerative crop, even where the fibre is en-
tirely thrown away, and flax seed can
be raised here nearly as easily as in Ill-
inois, and our new land is much more
free of weeds and such other plants as
are a detriment to the flax crop.

The oil-cake alone, after the oil is ex-
tracted, is one of the best articles known
for fattening all kinds of stock, and the
demand for linseed oil is every year in-
creasing.

Will it not be wise, then, in our farm-
ers to commence this year the cultiva-
tion of flax?—The great difficulty will
probably be in procuring seed, but if an
effort is made early, seed enough can
be obtained. A half or even a quarter
of an acre sown as an experiment will
not be lost time, and we believe that a
return to the distaff and home-made ta-
ble linen will not only be a great saving
of expense, but a great promoter of
health and happiness among our wives
and daughters; and to make a table
cloth of nice linen is a much higher art
than to make a lamp mat of Berlin
worsted.

There are a few old ladies left on the
stage of active life who know what a
little wheel and a loom are, and their
aid should be called into immediate re-
quisition to raise one of the well high
lost arts.

If our agricultural societies would
offer a list of premiums for home-spun
cloth and table linen, good bread and
milk sugar, rather than for trotting
horses, fast runners and useless embroi-
dery, we think they would much more
subserve the purposes of their creation.
The one would help supply us with
what we need, the other only gives us
what we already have too much of.—
Aroostook Pioneer.

—Save all the bones you can lay
hold of. When you get a quantity to-
gether, put them in a kettle, cover with
lye; if the weather is cold, warm occa-
sionally for a few days. Then look.
You will find all your hard bones a soft,
pulpy mass. Here you have precious
stuff. Dilute this, and you will have a
liquid manure that will produce a
growth that is almost a miracle. Add
as many buckets of water to one of lye
and soft mass of bones as you like; the
less water, the less labor; or mix it
with milk; the milk will be manure.
By all means save your bones. If no
other way, you are determined to
burn them, plow them under. There
is a wealth of manure of the best qual-
ity in our bones and carcasses.—*P. G. in
Valley Farmer.*

Ayer's
SARSAPARILLA.

THE WORLD'S GREAT REMEDY FOR
Borealia and Scrophulous Diseases.
From Emory Kiser, a young merchant
Oxford, Maine.

"I have sold large quantities of your **SARAPILLA** in this State, and have obtained the desired effect and full satisfaction from those who have used it. As fast as our people try it, they agree there has been a great improvement in their health. I have sold it in Crutchen, Hampden, Falmouth, Fustables, Uclera, Scores and all Discovered Counties."

From Rev. John Stratton, Bristol, England.

"I only do my duty to you and the public, when I add my testimony to that you publish of the medicinal virtues of your **SARAPILLA**. I have used it, after, aged ten, had an itching humor in her ears, eyes, and hair for years, which we were unable to cure. I have used your **SARAPILLA**. She has been well for some months."

From Mrs. Jane F. Rice, a well known and much-esteemed lady of Des Moines, (see May Co. N. J.)
"I have long suffered for a year past from a scrophulous eruption, which has become so violent that I have been obliged to use **SARAPILLA**. Notwithstanding any relief until we tried your **SARAPILLA**, which soon completely cured me."

From Charles P. Gager, Esq., of the widely-known firm of Gager, Murray & Co., manufacturers of camellied impure in Nashua, N. H.

"I have used your **SARAPILLA** for a very troublesome humor in my face, and it has cured me."

tion I lost almost everything a man could of
possess. I was left alone, penniless, and
whatever, until I took your SARSAFILLA.
It immediately made my face worse, as you told me it
would. I began to feel very much better, but
began to form under the blotches, and continued
until my face is as smooth as anybody's, and I am
able to go about in public without being
of, I enjoy perfect health, and without a doubt owe
it to your SARSAFILLA.

Erysipelas—General Debility Purify the
Blood.

From Dr. Robert Saezin, Hinson St., N. Y.
I have written a libel full to remove Erysipelas and
Sore Throat from the face. It has cured me of your
SARSAFILLA, and I have just now cured an at-
tack of Malignant Erysipelas with no altera-
tion of treatment. I can give you the formula
supplied to the profession as well as the people."

From J. E. Johnston, Esq., of Salem, Ohio.
I have used your medicine for several years, and
my right arm, during which time I tried all the cele-
brated physicians I could reach, and took hundreds
of pills, and drank many bottles of medicine, but
bad that the cords became visible, and the doctors
decided that my arm must be amputated. I began
to use your medicine, and after taking one bottle
some of your PILLS Together they have cured me.
I am now as well and sound as any body. Being in
the habit of giving you credit for every great cure

From Henry Sickler, Esq. the able editor of the
Tunkhannock Democrat, Tunkhannock,
"Our only child, about three years of age, was attacked with a simple cold, which rapidly supplied itself until they formed a loathsome and virulent sore, which covered his face, and actually blinded his eyes. We tried every remedy, but without apparent effect. For fifteen days we watched his land-
scape, and saw him in the most deplorable and corrupt way which covered his whole face. His

The middle of each lotion, as you direct. The sore began to heal when we had given the first bottle. The child's eyes were closed, and the eyelids were swollen. The child's eyelashes, which had come out, grew again, and he is now as healthy and fair as any other. The whole neighborhood testified that the child must die.

Syphilis and Mercurial Disease.

From Dr. Hiram Sloan, of St. Louis, Missouri.

"I liked your **SARSAPARILLA** for mercurial disease, and for syphilis more than any other we possess. The profession are indebted to you for some of the best medicines of the age."

From A. J. French, M. D., an eminent physician of Lowell, Mass., who is a prominent member of the League.

"I like your **SARSAPARILLA** very much. I have found you to be a very reliable man."

"**SARSAPARILLA** an excellent remedy for Syphilis."

play with more certainty of success, where a powerful alternative is required.

Mr. Chas. S. Pan, Liege, of New Brunswick, N. S., writes: "I have seen the case caused by the absorption of mercury, of mercurial disease, which grew in and more aggravated for years, in spite of every remedy or treatment, until it was cured by the use of a few capsules of AYER'S SASSAPARILLA. Very few cases can be found more inveterate and distressing than this, and it took several doses to effect a permanent cure."

Leucorrhoea, Whites, Female Weakness are generally produced by internal Scrophulous Ulceration, and are very often cured by the alterative effect of this SASSAPARILLA. Some cases require the use of the SASSAPARILLA, the same as the application of local remedies.

From the well-known and widely-celebrated Dr. Jacob Morrill, of Cincinnati:

"I have found AYER'S SASSAPARILLA an excellent alterative in nearly all cases of irregularity, Leucorrhoea, Internal Ulceration, and local disease, arising from the scrophulous diathesis, and it is especially useful in the treatment of the venereal disease, when its effect is properly aided by local treatment."

name, writes:
 "My daughter and myself have been cured of
 years debilitating Leucorrhœa of long standing, by
 two bottles of your SARGAPARILLA."
**Rheumatism, Gout, Liver Complaint, Dys-
 pœsia, Heart Disease, Neurægia,**
 when caused by *Sergularia* in the system, are rapidly
 cured by this **EXT. SARGAPARILLA**.

AYER'S
CATHARTIC PILLS

possess so many advantages over the other pur-
 gatives in the market, and their superior virtue
 are so universally known, that we need not say
 more than to assure the public their quality
 maintained equal to the best it ever has been
 and that they may be depended on to do all
 that they have ever done.

Prepared by J. C. AYER, M. D., & Co.

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